

Rev. JOHN DODWELL, Manager.
With Strong Staff of Editors and Correspondents.
Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail-matter.

THE CITIZEN.

An Independent Weekly
Devoted to the
Interests of
THE HOME, FARM, & SCHOOL.
50 CENTS A YEAR.

VOL. 11.

A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

Fifty cents a year.

NO. 31.

IDEAS.

"Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging."—Bible.
Christ changes the city by changing the citizen.
The wife of a headstrong husband has't much to crow over.
Sin makes our sorrows, but these sorrows often turn us from sin.
The man who wants to take it easy while others do the rowing ought to pay for the boat.

Take Notice.

On Sunday morning at First Church of Berea, Dr. Burgess will preach on "Elim". At 7:30 p. m. the topic will be "Sudden" conversion.
On Wednesday night, Prof. Louis Favon will deliver his brilliant lecture in the College Chapel—"Electricity" is the topic. See hand bills for further information.
At the morning service of the First Church of Berea, the sacrament of baptism will be administered in both modes to quite a number of candidates for church membership.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Princess of Austria, elder sister of the King of Spain, will be married to day to Prince Carlos. It is said to be a love match.
Portugal has been asked to lend troops to England to guard points in South Africa, in order to entitle the British at these points to join fighting columns.
London, Feb. 10.—Lord Raglan, Under-Secretary of State for War, informed the correspondent of the Associated Press to-day that Sir Evelyn Wood is not going to South Africa, and that no peace commission is contemplated.
W. T. Stead, in a dispatch to the New York Journal and Advertiser, says: "The accession of King Edward VII. may lead to a pacific settlement of the Nicaragua Canal question. The King and his ministers have no wish to wrangle about a question in which no material British interests are involved."

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

An appropriation of \$25,000 has been made to enable the Attorney General to investigate alleged disfranchisement of voters in certain states.
Senator Platt has introduced a bill to provide an appropriation of \$500,000 for the Pan American Exposition, which opens in Buffalo, N. Y., May 1, 1901.
The Southern Cotton Spinners Association will meet at Charlotte, N. C., Feb. 16, to arrange for a reduction of acreage of cotton production from 30 to 50 per cent.
Congressman Albert D. Shaw of New York, former Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., was found dead in his room at the Rigg's House, Washington, Sunday morning.
Three thousand citizens of Topeka, Kas., at a mass meeting Saturday, issued an ultimatum to the joint keepers to close business by to-morrow noon. The saloons have been closed as a result of the mass meeting.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Henry Yontey has been taken to Frankfort to serve out the sentence against him.
Mrs. Caswell Bennett resigned as matron of the Central Asylum for the Insane at Lakeland.
Gov. Beckham has appointed Hon. Hanson Kennedy of Carlisle, Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial District.
It is believed at Frankfort that opinions in the Powers and Howard cases have been written and that at least one of them will be handed down at an early day.
Sam J. Roberts, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Seventh District of Ky., is in Washington to present to President McKinley the claims of Judge George Denny for the new District Judgeship.
Geo. Carter, a Negro 21 years old, was taken from the jail at Paris at 2 o'clock Monday morning and hanged by a mob. Carter was identified as the Negro who attempted a criminal assault on Mrs. W. E. Board on Dec. 3, 1900.
Lexington, Feb. 10.—Frances E. Beauchamp, President of the W. C. T. U. of Ky., indorses the saloon smashing by Mrs. Natieu, and says that she is proceeding within the clear limits of the law in destroying the joints in Kansas.

Locals and Personals.

Bro. Lodwick is suffering from influenza.
John L. Lewis and family left for Indiana, Saturday.
Bro. Darthick is convalescing from an attack of grip.
Mr. W. C. Gamble, the singer from the Moody school, Chicago, left for home Monday. Success attend him.
Guy Tankersley, wants the Citizen to visit him regularly away down in Texas. His address is Galveston, Texas.
Tuesday evening at 7:30 there was a good attendance at the Chapel at Dr. Burgess' Bible Class for Christian workers.
Rev. James Rice, of Bolivar, Mo., assisted by Rev. Mr. McGarity of London, held services at the Baptist Church Sunday.
Asst. Postmaster Robinson, says the lecture on Saturday night at the Chapel, was the best of its kind he ever listened to.

The Misses Flora and Florence Jones spent Thursday at the home of Postmaster Sigmund of Conway, the occasion being a wedding supper.

We are glad to see Miss Grace Clark on the street again, after an attack of pneumonia. She has resumed her duties in the President's office.

If there is an open meat-market in Berea, the proprietor might not find it amiss to canvass for trade or better still to let it be known through the Citizen.

Mr. C. W. Johnston who has been here for a few months returns this week to Huntsburg, Ohio. He ordered the Citizen to visit him weekly for another year.

Mr. John Fletcher, wife and daughter who have been visiting old friends and neighbors in Berea and neighborhood, returned to their Illinois home, Tuesday.

Dr. Burgess' subject of discourse at the Chapel on Sunday morning, was well chosen, coming directly after the close of the revival services; "2nd Kings, 7:9." Look it up.

Brother Dodwell, thinks he is settled comfortably now. He has rented the property of Mr. John B. Kerby, on Center St., for a year. The latch string hangs outside always.

Principal E. H. Woodford, of the Manassas Industrial Training School, Manassas, Va., sends a two years' subscription to the Citizen and "kindest wishes for the prosperity of Berea College, and its good people."

Mr. Harold Johnston, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former student of Berea College, and an active member of Alpha Zeta Literary Society, has presented the Society with a very handsome ebony, silver mounted gavel. It was a graceful gift and fully appreciated by his old comrades.

Approximately 90,000 copies of the Citizen have been sent out since Dec. 6th 1900, to persons in Ky., Tenn., Va., W. Va., and N. Car., and so far as we have learned from the postmasters of the offices to which they have been sent, less than 200 persons have left the paper in the office.

Since Nov. 29, 1900, The Citizen has printed and sent out nearly or quite 200 reams of newspaper of 500 sheets to the room, enough paper to lay a carpet 23 miles long and 44 inches wide.

Howard Caldwell, State College Secretary of Y. M. C. A. paid a visit to Berea in the interest of the State Convention of Y. M. C. A. to be held in Louisville, Feb. 21-26. Mr. Caldwell led the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday and addressed the students in the College Chapel at prayers Monday morning.

On the night of Friday, February 22nd, Phi Delta and Alpha Zeta Literary Societies will debate in the College Chapel, the question: Resolved, That the present armed invasion of heathen lands by the Christian nations is a detriment to the spread of Christianity. Affirmative, Messrs. Perry Shrock, Jas. Evers, and Wm. Humphrey of Alpha Zeta. Negative: Messrs. John Chapin, James Racer, and Edwin Embree of Phi Delta.

The Citizen has been receiving many good words lately. C. L. Seavey of Waco, Ky., says: "I am always glad to receive the Citizen and get double the amount of my subscription from Prof. S. C. Mason's department and other features are as good." A Methodist minister in Virginia, calls the Citizen, "a bright, clean, truly good paper." A father in North Carolina, says, "my 12 year old boy reads it with delight and I want him to have it regularly." We could fill a column with words of this kind. If you are not already a subscriber, order the Citizen for a year.

Madison County.

Miss Mary Coyle, of Richmond will soon open a spring school at Heiness schoolhouse.

Mr. Zachariah Whitaker, aged seventy-six years, died recently at the home of his son George, near Eden ton.

Measles and "grip" are still prevalent in Richmond and very seriously so, although few deaths have occurred.

Rev. A. B. Reeves was ordained a minister of the Christian Church, at the First Christian Church, in Richmond, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Geo. Million Jr. is dangerously ill at his home near Million from the effects of poisoned whiskey which he drank in Richmond Sunday.

The total value of Madison's property as revised by the board of equalization, which completed its work Wednesday, is \$8,900,000, an increase of \$177,670 over this year's assessment, and 74,270 in advance of last year's valuation. The number of marriages in the county last year, as certified to the assessor, is 221; births, 166; deaths, 120.

The Dreyfus correspondent of the "Register" writes:

"Three mad dogs have been killed here this week, one belonging to Ike Ogg did a lot of damage before it was killed, after biting Mr. Ogg and his two little boys, left the yard and bit a cow, calf and several hogs, which belonged to him, then on its way down the Park Road it bit no less than a dozen hogs, also several head of Owen Lakes' cattle."

Religion is Our First Concern.

The protracted meeting, brief as it was, has left greater blessings in Berea than any of us anticipated. It is very rarely that a meeting is held with such perfect good spirit and uniform success from beginning to end.

The meeting triumphed over great obstacles, for it seemed as though nearly every household, between the measles and the gripe, contained some person who was ill. Not less than six college workers were incapacitated in a single day. Nevertheless the attendance increased steadily, and if it had been possible to have held the meetings a week longer they would undoubtedly have secured correspondingly greater results.

The great feature of the meeting is the increased love for our neighbors which is manifest on every hand. Certainly thoughts of the great things of God and eternity have made us love each other better.

We are sure that all those who are starting out upon a better life have the prayers and good wishes of all Christian people. We rejoice in them.

The work of Bro. Thomson and the singing of Mr. Gamble (who was here during the last week) will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude. Bro. Thomson preached forty-five sermons. A list of his first topics appeared last week. The concluding sermons were as follows:

SERMONS TO CHRISTIANS.

Jer. 21: 6. Victory over sin.
Col. 3: 16. The use of the Bible.
2 Chron. 20: 1 [rev. ver.] Let God test your faith.
Luke 11: 13. The promise of the Holy Spirit.
Bible study on the second coming of Christ.
Exod. 11: 13. "Go forward!"
Heb. 10: 22, Col. 2: 2, Heb. 6: 11. The Full Assurance.

SERMONS TO THE UN-FAITHFUL.

Isa. 61: 6. Morality not enough to save.
2 Tim. 3: 16. Inspiration of the Bible.
Gen. 19: 14. "Up, get you out of this place, etc."
Luke 15: 11-21. The Prodigal Son.
Prov. 27: 1. "Rejoice not thyself of tomorrow."

Do Good and Make Money

By Introducing

Practical, Useful and Entertaining

FOR TERMS AND FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS,

Nichols and Company, Publisher
Naperville, Ill.

And mention THE CITIZEN.

Hurray for Total Abstinence.

The old Chapel was the scene of an old-fashioned temperance rally last Saturday night. The W. C. T. U. undertook a "big meeting" and every body turned in and helped them. The young men of the College band did themselves great credit by their music, and Mr. Gamble, who was fortunately in town, brought some wonderfully good singing out of the audience besides entertaining us all with his own solos.

The address was given by Rev. Anna H. Shaw of Philadelphia, one of the national lecturers of the W. C. T. U. It was evident that she was more in the habit of lecturing upon political subjects than total abstinence but she told the story of the women's crusade in a thrilling manner and set forth the duty of fathers in a way we have never heard equalled. The whole wound up with the signing of the pledge, and 282 names were secured.

Such a meeting means much for the welfare of the community, and its blessings will overflow from Berea as they are carried in every direction by our young people.

Total Abstinence.

"The poorhouses in forty-five Kansas counties are empty, and in thirty-seven counties there is not a case on the criminal docket."

The canteen has been cast out of the armies of the United States by the righteous legislation of both houses of our Congress.—Our nation is going out of the liquor business wholly some day.—Ohio Endeavoror.

China prohibited liquor selling in 1890 A. D. with the effective penalty of beheading. President J. B. Angell, ex-Minister to China, said that when living in Peking he would not see three drunken Chinamen in a year.—J. Hudson Taylor.

A symptom of the craving of the saloon for respectability is seen in the willingness with which it pays license. The license brings it to some extent into connection with the government, and the money it pays often goes into the street cleaning fund, and into the school fund.—Frank Ballard.

It is the business, as well as the inclination, of the American pulpit to be aggressive. The pulpit was the real leader of the people up to and through the Revolutionary War. Giving due credit to all other men, organizations and agencies, ever since the Revolutionary War and today the pulpit has been and now is the real leader of the American people, wherever they are led towards higher and better life. The clergy created the missionary societies and preached the Christian duty of their maintenance, and now the whole world is familiar with the story. It would not be many years before that faith would dominate the world if the pulpit would do for the temperance cause what it already has done for the cause of missions at home and abroad.—Ex-Senator H. W. Blair.

Somebody sent a bottle of fine old Scotch whiskey to a South Australian newspaper. The editor tells about it: "A present in the shape of a bottle of fine old whiskey was kindly sent to the office at 2:00 p. m. on Thursday. Ten minutes past that hour not a dram of the liquor remained; ten seconds later the office boy had sold the bottle at the rag-and-bone shop next door. At 3:30 three men were charged with being drunk and disorderly."

"The editor of this paper returns thanks for the handsome gift, and would feel obliged if the donor of the whiskey would send along \$18, a policeman's helmet, a new office boy, four panes of glass, a new street door knocker, and—no more whiskey!"

The "Ohio Endeavoror," is published at Toledo, Ohio. Dr. Burgess, pastor of the Church of Berea, is a member of the Committee on Publication also Superintendent of the Sabbath Observance Department and of the Department of Good Citizenship. The February number is filled with good reading and information. The "Endeavoror" is well edited and well printed.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

Having succeeded the old firm of COVINGTON & MITCHELL, we take pleasure in stating, that as of old, the new firm will exert all of its ability in trying to please the public, and will, at all times, have the LARGEST STOCK of all seasonable things, that will be shown in this city.

OUR AIM

Is to give good merchandise at a reasonable price, and we shall endeavor to have what everyone wants in the Clothing line. We will SAVE YOU MONEY in everything in the way of Suits, Overcoats, Extra Pants, Hats, Men's Furnishing Goods and Men's Shoes. With renewed vigor and past experience, we hope to serve you better than ever before. We have now many BARGAINS in present season goods that we wish to close out. For Spring we have made large preparation in every line. In Merchant Tailoring we are prepared to make you anything you may want.

COVINGTON & BANKS,
Richmond, Ky.

E. B. McCOY, Dentist,
Berea, Kentucky.

Center Street Art Gallery.
C. I. OGG, Proprietor.

Up-to-date Photos. Nothing but the best finish at the lowest price.

PATENTS
DESIGNS
TRADE MARKS
AND COPYRIGHTS
OBTAINED
ADVISED TO PATENTABILITY
Notice in "Inventive Age"
Book "How to Obtain Patents"
Charges moderate. No fee till patent secured.
Letters strictly confidential.
E. G. BIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Wash. D. C.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house \$25 a year salary. Must have more than 10 years' experience. Write to J. H. Rogers, care bank in any city. Must be well educated, stamped envelope. Measurements, Total Floor, 334 Dearborn St. Chicago

PISO'S GURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Throat Lozenges. The In-time. Sold by druggists.

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
CONVEYED TO & C.
Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion (free) whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handle with care. Send free. Address: Agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A thoroughly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year. Four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MANN & CO 361 Broadway, New York
Branch office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

Hand Forged, Razor Steel Blades. File tested, and warranted.
Send us 24-cent stamps and we will mail you a knife the exact size of this picture; it has 2 blades, and retails generally at 75 cts., but to get you to try them we will send you one for 45 cts. or 24-cent stamps. Your wife wants a pair of
MAHER & GROSS
We will mail her a pair of 7-inch razor steel blades for 60 cts. or 30-two cent stamps. We have an 80 page illustrated
Catalogue we will mail you free if you ask for it. Address, **MAHER & GROSS CO. 69 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio,** and mention the Citizen.

Lowest Prices Douglas Bros. Latest Styles

Reliable Merchants.

Richmond's leading Shoe and Gents' Furnishing Goods Retailers
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, & Gents' Furnishings

We wish to announce to the people of Berea and vicinity that we are showing this FALL the most Complete Stock ever shown in this city. As usual with us everything bought here can be relied upon as being the best and the prices as being the lowest.

Call and see our line before buying elsewhere.

207 WEST MAIN STREET Richmond Ky. STREET.

Don't miss the rest of John Brent. Send in your subscription for THE CITIZEN. Write plainly.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Events Taking Place Throughout the Country Briefly Told and Given in a Condensed Form.

MONDAY.

Ex-King Milan is seriously ill. Three persons lost their lives and four were injured in a fire in Boston. Owing to foreign pressure the emperor dower has allowed Emperor Kwang Su to resume the reins of government.

A law and order league was organized at Kansas City, Kan., for the purpose of seeing that the law in regard to saloons and gambling houses is enforced.

Bustos, governor of the island of Calabuan, and 30 insurgents, including a colonel and two majors, in the province of Allay, Luzon, have been captured.

Three thousand citizens of Topeka, Kan., met in mass meeting and decided that the numerous saloons in the city must close up. They were given until Friday to do so.

An iron box containing \$10,000 was stolen from the depot platform at Manila, la., in charge of the express company. Three men have been arrested, suspected of the crime.

In a fight between Louis Botha's and Gen. Smith-Dorrien's forces, near Ermelo, Gen. Spruit was killed and Gen. Handemeyer wounded. Twenty Boers were left dead on the field.

A battle was fought at Tabaksberg mountain in which the British were worsted. They were outnumbered five to one by the Boers and were compelled to retreat after a serious loss.

Congressman Albert D. Shaw, of Watertown, N. Y., former commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was found dead in his room at the Riggs house, Washington. Death was due to apoplexy.

The jailer at Paris, Ky., was overpowered by a mob, and George Carter, colored, dragged from his cell and hanged to an arch in the court house entrance. He had assaulted Banker Board's wife. He had served time in the penitentiary, and was a terror to the community.

TUESDAY.

The German press is aroused over the decoration of Lord Roberts by Emperor William.

One thousand citizens of Holton, Kan., banded together and smashed three saloons there.

British diplomats believe the empire's position has been strengthened since the queen's death.

The physicians give warning that President Kruger can not live very long. His heart action is weak.

Armstrong Bros' cork factory and the machine shops of Totten & Horg, Pittsburgh, burned, with a loss of \$750,000.

An apparent move to end the Boer war has been made, believed to be due to the influence of King Edward and Emperor William.

Representative Lawrence introduced a bill in the Kansas house to legalize joint smashing. The bill was advanced to second reading.

Queen Alexandra is growing so deaf that before long it is feared she will have to use an ear trumpet. In other ways she is not so strong as formerly.

At Denver, Col., District Judge Booth M. Malone made a new record for industry by hearing three different cases at the same time. His docket is rather crowded, and he resorted to this expedient to relieve the pressure.

WEDNESDAY.

A scheme is on foot to combine all the independent cereal mills in the country.

The power house of the Omaha Street Railway Co. and contents burned. Loss, \$200,000.

Fire destroyed the car stable and 110 cars of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. at a loss of \$290,000.

With the passing of the canteen at Ft. Myers the troopers on duty there have relinquished the post "Ft. Carrie Nation."

The mining scale which has been in force during the last year, with slight modifications, was agreed to by the joint meeting of miners and operators.

Many business men of Manila have been having business relations with the insurgents. Three more arrests were made and incriminating papers were found.

England will not comply with the demands of the senate in the Nicaragua canal project. An answer will be made in a few days, consisting mainly of counter-proposals.

The belief is spreading among the Chinese that the imperial court will not accept the envoys' demands, especially the demand for the punishment of Tung Fu Hsiang, who practically controls the whole Chinese army.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon wrecker, delivered a lecture in Kansas City and left for Des Moines, la. At the latter place the saloon keepers had prepared 50 rats and mice for her. The barkeepers met the lady with a brass band.

Very little cash will pass between J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie in the big steel deal. Mr. Carnegie will withdraw entirely from the Carnegie Co., taking for the transfer of his stock a sum exceeding \$5,000,000 in guaranteed 5 per cent. bonds.

THURSDAY.

Five hundred bees were lost in the great petroleum fire at Baku, Russia. President Kruger sent a bronze statue of Queen Wilhelmina as a wedding present.

Senator M. A. Hanna was elected a comrade in the Memorial post, G. A. R., of Cleveland.

A passenger train on the Erie road was wrecked at Greenville, Pa., and five passengers were killed and a score injured.

According to the Austrian census, the population of Vienna is 1,635,617, an increase of 223,710 over the census of ten years ago.

Two battalions of the 10th infantry will be brought from Cuba and sent to Manila to take the place of returning volunteers.

Five seamen were sealed to death by the bursting of a steam pipe on the steamer Ventura, bound from Tacoma for San Francisco.

Prince Carlos de Bourbon was proclaimed a son of Spain and took the constitutional oath before the queen regent and other functionaries.

The case against Mrs. Carrie Nation for smashing the Senate saloon, Topeka, Kan., was dismissed, as there is no ordinance covering the destruction of personal property.

Five women, followers of the faith cure healer, invaded two drug stores in Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, and managed to destroy considerable property in one before they could be ejected.

Queen Wilhelmina's marriage to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who became Prince Heinrich of the Netherlands, was a huge family affair. All Holland that could went to The Hague to participate. Those who stayed at their homes celebrated with parades, decorations and banquets.

Several hundred cases of dynamite exploded in the San Andres silver mine, on the Sierra Madre, in the state of Durango, Mex. A miners' village was immediately over the underground shaft. The whole top of the mountain was torn away, and 87 men, women and children were killed and many others injured.

FRIDAY.

The King and Queen of England will reside at Marlborough House.

Fire destroyed a lumber yard saw mill and 14 houses in Havana, Cuba, entailing a loss of \$700,000.

Two Negroes, charged with killing a white man and wounding another, were shot to death in their cells in the jail at Dodge City, Mo.

All the Topeka joints closed and proprietors promised to dispose of their stocks of liquor. In the evening, however, they opened up again.

Gen. Julian Acoña, chief of the revolutionary movement in the Caraparo district, Venezuela, is a prisoner in the hands of the government forces.

Messrs. Carranza and Tarran, Manila merchants, were arrested, charged with trading with insurgents and furnishing funds to the insurgents.

The Confederate Veterans' association of Savannah passed resolutions against the invitation of President McKinley to attend the reunion of confederate veterans in Memphis.

The foreign envoys have agreed to spare the lives of Prince Tuan and Duke Lan on account of their relationship to the imperial family. Prince Chang with eleven other Boer leaders must be beheaded.

J. Pierpont Morgan and associates have purchased Andrew Carnegie's control in the Carnegie Co. They will establish a billion dollar steel combine. The announcement caused a stir in New York business circles.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Feb. 9.	
CATTLE—Common ..	2 50 @ 2 60
Extra butchers ..	4 30 @ 4 35
CALVES—Extra ..	6 75 @ 7 25
HOGS—Choice packers ..	5 45 @ 5 47 1/2
Mixed packers ..	5 35 @ 5 42 1/2
SHEEP—Extra ..	4 19 @ 4 25
LAMBS—Extra ..	5 60 @ 5 70
FLOUR—Spring pat. ..	3 80 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	6 75 @ 6 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	4 17 @ 4 20
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	3 25 @ 3 27 1/2
RYE—No. 2 ..	6 57 @ 6 57 1/2
HAY—Best timothy ..	14 50 @ 14 50
PORK—Family ..	11 00 @ 11 00
LARD—Steam ..	7 25 @ 7 25 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy ..	23 @ 23
Choice creamery ..	25 @ 25
APPLES—Ch. to fancy ..	2 50 @ 2 55
POTATOES—Per brl ..	1 65 @ 1 75
TURACCO—New ..	12 00 @ 12 75
Old ..	8 00 @ 12 00

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent ..	3 60 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	7 10 @ 7 15
No. 3 spring ..	65 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 ..	4 17 @ 4 20
OATS—No. 2 ..	25 1/2 @ 25 3/4
RYE ..	50 @ 51
PORK—Mess ..	17 85 @ 18 50
LARD—Mess ..	7 42 1/2 @ 7 45

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent ..	3 63 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	80 @ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	41 @ 47
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	43 @ 49 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers ..	4 70 @ 5 10
HOGS—Western ..	5 80 @ 5 90

Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent ..	4 23 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	41 @ 77
CORN—Mixed (new) ..	41 @ 41
OATS—Mixed ..	27 1/2 @ 27 1/2
PORK—Mess ..	12 50 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam ..	7 25 @ 7 25

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..	75 @ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed ..	37 1/2 @ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..	26 @ 26

THE MINISTER'S CAT.

Jim, Phila to Show the Humility and Good Manners That Might Be Expected of Him.

Not the least important dweller in the home of the pastor of a popular and fashionable up-town church is a Maltese cat, beautifully marked and of rare breed, which shall be called Jim. That is not the real name of this household pet, who would probably seem so common to one as Jim, but there are reasons why he should not be too closely identified. Jim is no common cat. He knows his friends among the caters at the home of the minister, and those to whom he does not take a fancy are pretty apt to find it out. He knows the at-home day as well as any member of the family, and on that day takes a prominent place on a divan, ready to receive the attentions of these of the caters who be numbers among his friends and purr his satisfaction when they fondle him.

The minister had occasion to move his residence a short time ago, and of course Jim moved with the family. He did not seem to take the new place. He went from room to room, looked carefully at the wall papers, seemed to sniff at them as though they did not meet his approval, and then he disappeared. An hour later he appeared again, took another look at the wall decorations, and seemed to be very unsatisfied as they were, it was better to endure than the perils to be encountered abroad.

Next door to the old home of the minister, a woman who was fond of Jim, and who regretted the change of residence, wrote a letter to the other day and addressed it to Jim. This letter was passed by a maid on the hallway in the back, along with other letters delivered at the same time. Jim seemed to know this letter was intended for him, because when a number of the family came downstairs that morning he was quietly taking a liberty with the envelope. Strangely enough, he had never taken such a liberty with a letter before that time and has not disturbed any other letter since.

Although Jim has lived all his life in the home of a minister, he does not always show that humility which would naturally be expected. He likes to make visits, but no other cat is allowed on his premises. Next door to Jim's home is a house he loves to visit. He will roam all through it and play with the cat which lives there, but the other day when the neighbor cat came as if to return a call Jim met him at the door, bit him on the side of the head with a paw, and marched proudly up the stairs, as though he felt he had done something worthy of the pet of a minister's household. N. Y. Herald.

OLD POWDER HOUSE.

Once These Structures Were Numerous, But the Tooth of Time Has Destroyed All But One.

The early inhabitants of the coast of Maine had considerable business on their hands about a century or so ago. The Indians were likely to go upon the warpath at any time, while the more humane but no less shrewdly availed British redcoats sailed along the Maine coast, making numerous landings and many threatening demonstrations. The local militia furnished the only troops that could be opposed to the redcoats, and on almost every river a fort was established more or less formidable—principally the latter. The magazine apparently was not constructed within the fort, but a small building was erected at some distance from it, where the powder and other ammunition were stored. One of these odd "powder houses" still stands just outside the village of Wiscasset, Me.—the only one.



WISCASSET POWDER HOUSE.

so far as the writer knows, that is now in existence anywhere, though there may be others, of course. A sketch is here given of this old relic, that is still in good enough preservation, apparently, to last it out another century in the future. Its old plank door, thickly studded with nails, looks still capable of affording considerable resistance to a hostile entrance. For a comparison with present-day military equipments, this old relic possesses not a little interest at the present time.—Farm and Home.

Tricks of a Clever Cat.

A young lady once had a cat that amused itself by drawing all the plus out of the cushion. When the last was removed, it looked up into its mistress' face with an expression that meant: "Please stick them in again." And as often as they were put in just as often were they drawn out. This cat had another favorite amusement. If a vase of flowers stood within reach, it used to pick the flowers out one by one and eat them.

HOW CHOPPIE TRAVELED.

Cat Made the Tour of Europe and America in Company of His Loving Little Mistress.

Choppie is a handsome tortoiseshell cat, which once belonged to a little English girl.

One foggy night, at a hotel in London, Louise and her mother heard a pitiful mewling out on the window ledge. Upon opening the window they soon discovered a little, half starved and frozen kitten, which had wandered over from the neighboring roofs.

Louise begged of her mother to take it in, and at once got some warm milk, and made a bed for it, where it was soon snuggled down asleep. From that time on Choppie became the constant companion of Louise. Whenever and wherever she traveled Choppie went, too over Italy, Switzerland and the British Isles. Six times



CHOPPIE, THE TRAVELER.

With whiskers long and snowy white, And eyes of shining green. This little pet is our delight. A beauty to be seen.

Choppie crossed the Atlantic between London and New York, and several winters were passed in Florida.

Choppie had a padded basket to travel in, where he would stay so quietly that his fellow-passengers never knew of his existence. At the various hotels where they lived this wise cat would softly creep into a bureau drawer while his mistress went to her meals, and never attempted to come out until she returned with his portion of food.

Choppie was always fond of music, and when his little mistress would play the piano he would curl himself up on one end of it, and softly purr with half-closed eyes while listening to his favorite melodies.—N. Y. Tribune.

PONY KILLS A SNAKE.

Just in the Nick of Time San Jose Appeared and Saved the Lives of Three Children.

A California farmer who has three small children owns a pony called San Jose, which is their constant companion. They have ridden him, rolled over him, fed him and pulled his ears, and evidently consider him one of the family. Even if the children went on an expedition when they did not want to ride, San Jose went along as though he had been a pet dog. One day the three children went on a nutting expedition, and while they gathered the nuts the pony wandered around and grazed. Suddenly, almost beneath the feet of the nut gatherers, there was an ominous whirr, and they saw with horror a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The children clustered together with white faces, too terrified to move, but as the deadly head went back there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and San Jose leaped into the ring. With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed square on the snake's coil and was off again before the wicked head could strike. The interruption had released the frightened children from the charm, and they ran a short distance away and stopped to witness the fight. The rattler was wounded, but full of fight, and coiled again, and again the pony landed and got away safely. This time the body was nicely severed in two places, and the snake was done for. San Jose pawed over the quivering coil with one fore foot, gave a cheerful whinny and returned to his grazing.

Horse Saves Child's Life.

In Broad street, Newark, N. J., a horse with light buggy was standing at the door of his master's store. The horse was a great pet with the children and was continually eating out of the hands of some member of the family. On this particular morning one of the younger children, a little girl about five years of age, had been playing around his legs. At last, growing tired, she made for the street car tracks, and, unnoticed, fell just as a car came bounding along. Another instant and the horrified spectators expected to see the child crushed beneath the approaching car. The horse gave a strange little "hinnny," and suddenly veered towards the track, picked the child up quickly by its clothes, and switched it sideways from the track, just in time to save it from a horrible death.

Hiddy Killed a Big Hawk.

An Oregon woman is the owner of a hen that she wouldn't trade for a whole flock of blooded poultry. It is the only hen in Oregon, perhaps in the United States that ever fought and killed a hawk. The hen was tending her brood in the usual way, when a chicken hawk made its descent. The hen didn't squawk and run, but, with a fierce and well-directed blow, buried her bill beneath the hawk's left wing. It may have been a chance blow, but it did its work effectually. The hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It feebly arose, flew aimlessly against a clothesline, and then dropped into the garden stone dead.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for February 17, 1901.—The Lord's Supper.

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Matthew 26:17-30.)

17 Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the passover?

18 And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand, I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples.

19 And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready the passover.

20 Now when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve.

21 And as they did eat, He said, Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22 And they were exceedingly sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?

23 And He answered and said, He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish, he is the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been good for the man if he had not been born.

24 Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.

25 And as they were eating Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body.

26 And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.

27 For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

28 But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

29 And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22:19.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

On Wednesday of the crucifixion week Jesus was in retirement. Thursday evening the passover supper was partaken of by Jesus and His disciples in an upper room in Jerusalem. It is supposed by some that this upper room was in the home of Mary, the mother of Mark. It was an "upper room" of this house where the Holy Spirit was poured out on Pentecost. The lesson covers the following points:

1. Preparation for the Passover.—Ver. 17, 18.

2. The Approaching Betrayal.—Ver. 20, 21.

3. Institution of the Lord's Supper.—Ver. 26-28.

After Jesus had ended His talk with His disciples on the Mount of Olives they went on to Bethany and remained there quietly on Wednesday and part of Thursday. Meanwhile Judas went to the chief priests and officers and planned with them to betray Jesus into their hands.

The Passover supper was not only in memory of the past but to remind them of the future of the time when one should come who would deliver them from a greater danger—eternal death. Read in Mark 14:17-18 of the strange manner in which two of the disciples found a room where they made the supper ready. That lesson tells us how Jesus showed Judas that he knew what he had done; and John 13:30 says that the traitor went out into the dark night, leaving Jesus and the 11 faithful ones alone.

Hundreds of thousands of lambs had been slain that the Passover supper might be kept. Now Jesus, Himself the true Lamb of God, was to die the very next morning, that thus God for His sake might pass over our sins. There would then be no more need for the Passover supper for its meaning would be fulfilled. But people forget so easily that, strange as it may seem, something was needed to keep in memory that wonderful event—the lamb slain for us. So Jesus appointed a new memory supper to take the place of the old. This is what we call the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

The death, the burial, and the resurrection by which we pass from the old life to the new, is pictured in baptism. This is the great confession of faith, by which we enter His church. Then the great truths of salvation through the death of Christ and the new life are set forth in the communion.

Good Fortune of Mr. Fortune.

It is idle to try to enjoy trouble, but it is rational to withhold judgment as to whether trouble be really the design of an experience that seems grievous. It has happened a thousand times that some apparent misfortune has given birth to a vast blessing, thus in the issue proving itself actual good fortune. Paul, for instance, tells in the Philippines that the apparent calamity of his imprisonment has resulted in immense success and joy—"So that my bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole praetorian guard, and to all the rest." Full trust in the divine in the face of buffetings is warranted by many an experience, no less than by the wholly merciful quality of God's fatherhood.—S. S. Times.

Grapes from Canaan.

It is best to kill serpents in the egg.

Dignity depends not on the task, but on the master.

Moral diseases breed in the swamp of the impure heart.

A man shows his character most often by what he laughs at.

Love never worries about future rewards; it has its reward in living.

Job was willing to serve God for naught but God would not let him.

No man has the right to say: "I have got to live;" he must have to say: "I have got to do right."—Ram's Horn.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"I am glad to be out of that noisy paddie," said I as we passed from the gate. "The stars seemed to look dismally on them. I can not be entertained by that low comedy, with tragedy sitting beside our friends' wagon."

"The stars," said Brent, bitterly, "are cold and cruel as destiny. There is heaven overhead, pretending to be kind and benignant, and giving no help, while I am thinking in agony what can be done to save from any touch of shame or deeper sorrow that noble daughter."

"It is a fine night for a gallop," I repeated.

"There they are. We must keep them out of the fort, Wade. If you have me, detain the old man in talk for half an hour."

"Certainly, half a century it will do my good."

Mr. Clitheroe and his daughter were walking slowly toward the fort. He appeared to us as we approached.

"I am urging my daughter to join in the amusements of the evening," said he. "You know, my dear, that many of our old Lancashire neighbors will be pleased to see you a lady patroness of their innocent sports, and lending your countenance to their healthy hilarity. A little play will do you good, I am sure. You will not be elegant and it will be cheerful and of course conducted with great propriety, since Brother Sizzum is present. I am afraid he will miss me and be offended. That must not be, Ellen dear. We must not offend Brother Sizzum in any way whatever. We must consider that his wishes are sovereign, for he is not the chosen apostle?"

Brent and I could both have wept to hear this crazy stuff.

"Pray, father dear," said Miss Clitheroe, "do not insist upon it. We shall both be worried out, if we are up late after our day's march."

It was clearly one of tenderness to him that she avoided the real objections she must have to such a scene.

"It is quite too noisy and dusty for Miss Clitheroe in the fort," said I, and I took his arm. "Come, sir, let us walk about and have a chat in the open air."

I led him off, poor old gentleman, to the lower end of the fort. All he had long ago needed was a firm man friend to take him in hand and be his despot; but the weaker he was, the less he could be subject to his daughter. It is the feeble, unmanly man who fights most petulantly against the influence and power of women.

"Well, Mr. Wade," said he, "perhaps you are right. We have only to fancy this the terrace outside the chalet, and it is much according to rule to promenade here as to strolls in the ballroom. You are very kind, gentlemen, both to prefer our society to the entertainment made certainly by Brother Sizzum's violin is not like one of our modern bands; but when I was your age I could dance to anything and anywhere. I suppose young men see so much more of the world now, that they outgrow those fancies sooner."

So we walked on, away from the harsh sounds of the ball. Brent dropped behind, talking earnestly with the lady.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIGH CLITHEROE.

Mr. Clitheroe grew more and more communicative as we wandered about over the open. I drew from him, at rather, with a few words of guidance, and then let him impart his history. He seemed to feel that he had no explanation to offer. Men whose life has been error and catastrophe rarely have much pride of reticence. Whatever truth person can hear their apology, can hear it. That form of most lamentable error called guilt is shy of the confessional; but it also feels its need of telling to another man why it was torn in the heart in the form of some small sin.

Again Mr. Clitheroe talked of the scenes of his youth and prosperity. He "bubbled of green fields," and parks, and great country houses, and rural life. So he went on to talk of himself, and leaving certain blanks, which I afterwards found the means of filling, told his story. A sad story! A painful story! Sad and more painful to me because a blind feeling toward this hapless gentleman was all the while growing stronger in my heart. I have already said that I was fatherless from infancy. This has left a great want in my life. I can not find complete compensation for the lack of a father's love in my premature manhood and my toughening against the world too young. I yearned greatly toward the feeble old man, my companion in that night walk on the plain of Fort Bridger. I longed to do by him the duties of sonship; in, indeed, having no such duties, I have often longed when I found age weak and weary. And as I begin to feel son like toward the father, a sentimentality brotherly took its place in my heart for the daughter, whose love my friend, I believe, was seeking.

A sad history was Mr. Clitheroe's. He was a prosperous gentleman once—of the ancient families of his country.

"We belong," he said, "to the old-

est gentry of England. We have been living at Clitheroe Hall, and where the hall now stands, for centuries. Our family history goes back into the prehistoric times. We have never been very famous; we have always sustained our dignity. We might have had a dozen peerages; but we were too much on the side of liberty, of free speech and free thought, to meet with the powers that be.

"There was never a time, until my day, when one of us was not in parliament for Clitheroe. Clitheroe had two members, and one of the old family that gave its name to the town, and got for it its franchise, was always chosen without contest.

"It is a lovely region, sir, where the town of Clitheroe and the old manor-house of my family stand, the fairest part of Lancashire. If you have only seen, as you say, the flat country about Liverpool and Manchester, you do not know at all what Lancashire can do in scenery. Why, there is Pendle Hill, it might be better called a mountain. Pendle Hill rises almost at my doorstep, at the door of Clitheroe Hall. Pendle Hill, sir, is eighteen hundred and odd feet high. And a beautiful hill it is. I talked of the Wind River mountains this afternoon; they are very fine; but I never should have learned to love heights if my boyhood had not been trained by the presence of Pendle Hill.

"And there is the Ribbles, too. A lovely river, coming from the hills—such a stream as I have not seen on this continent. I do not mind to make harsh comparisons, but your Mississippi and Missouri are more like ditches than rivers, and as to the Platte, why, sir, it seems to me no better than a chain of mud ponds. But the Ribbles is quite another thing. I suppose I love it more because I have bathed in it a boy, and bathed in it a man, and have seen it flow on always a friend, whether I was rich or poor. Nature, sir, does not look coldly on a poor man, as humanity does. The river Ribbles and Pendle Hill have been faithful to me, and my dear Ellen, always. Perhaps I tire you with this chat," he said.

"It is not," replied I. "I should be a poor American if I did not love to hear of Mother England everywhere and always."

"I almost fear to talk about home—our old home, I mean—to my dear child. She might grow a little homesick, you know. And how could she understand, so young and a woman, too, that duty makes exile useful? Of course I do not mean to suggest that we deem our new home in the Promised Land an exile."

And he again gave the same anxious look I had before observed; as if he dreaded that I had the power to dissolve an unsubstantial illusion.

"I wish I had thought," he continued, "to show you, when you were at ten, a picture of Clitheroe Hall I have. It is my daughter Ellen's work. She has a genius for art, really a genius. We have been living in a cottage near there, where she could see the hall from a window—dear old place!—and she has made a capital drawing of it."

"You had left it?" I asked. He had passed, accompanied by his melancholy recollections.

"Yes! Did I not tell you about my losses? I was a rich man and prosperous once. I kept open house, sir, in my wife's lifetime. She was a great beauty. My dear Ellen is like her, but she has no beauty—a good girl and daughter, though, like all young people, she has a juvenile wish to govern, but no beauty. Perhaps she will grow handsome when we grow rich again."

"Few women are so attractive as Miss Clitheroe," I said, boldly enough. "I have tried to be a good father to her, sir. She should have had diamonds and pearls, and everything that young ladies want, if I had succeeded. But you ought to have seen Clitheroe Hall, sir, in its best days. Such odds as I had in my park! One of those oaks is noticed in Evelyn's Silva. One day, a great many years ago, I found a young man sitting under that oak writing verses. I was hospitable to him, and gave him luncheon, which he ate with a very good appetite, if he was a poet. I did not ask his name; but not three months after I received a volume of poems, with a sonnet among them, really very well done, very well done indeed, inscribed to the Clitheroe Oak. The volume, sir, was by Mr. Wordsworth, quite one of our best poets in his way, the founder of a new school."

"A very pleasant incident!"

"Yes, indeed. The poet was fortunate, was he not? But if you are fond of pictures, I should have liked to show you my Van Dykes. We had the famous Clitheroe Beauty, an elf's daughter, maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria. She chose plain Hugh Clitheroe before all the noblemen of the court—we Clitheroes have always been fortunate in that way. I said plain Hugh, but he was as handsome a cavalier as ever was rarer. He might have been an earl himself, but he took the part of liberty, and was killed on the Parliamentary side at Edgemoor. I had his portrait too, a Van Dyke, and one of the best pictures he ever painted, as I believe is agreed by connoisseurs. You should have seen the white horse, sir, in that picture, full of gentleness and spirit, and worthy the handsome cavalier just ready to mount him."

As the old gentleman talked of his hereditary ancestor, a name not unknown to history, he revived a little, and I saw an evanescent look of his daughter's vigor in his eye. It faded instantly; he sighed, and went on.

"I should almost have liked to live

in those days. It is easier to die for a holy cause than to find one's way through life. I have found it pretty hard, sir, pretty hard, and I hope my day of peace is nearly near."

"How could I shatter his delusion, and thunder in his ear that this hope was a lie?"

"I had a happy time of it," he continued, "till after my Ellen's birth, and I ought to be thankful for that. I had my dear wife and hosts of friends, so I thought them. To be sure I spent too much money, and sometimes had rather too gay an evening over the claret at my old oak dining table. But that was harmless pleasure, sir. I was always a kind landlord. I never could turn out a tenant nor arrest a poacher. I suppose I was too kind. I might have better saved some of the money I gave to my people in beer and lace on holidays. But it made them happy. I like to see everybody happy. That was my chief pleasure. The people were very poor in England then, sir—not that they are not poor now—and I used to be very glad when a good old English holiday or a birthday, gave me a chance to give them a little festival."

I could imagine him the gentle, genial host. Fate should have left him there in the old hall, deposing frank hospitality all his sunny days and bland season through, hushing young poets and showing his Van Dykes with proper pride to strangers. His story carried truth on its face. In fact, the man was all the while an illustration of his own tale. Every tone and phrase convicted him of his own character.

"It sometimes makes me a little melancholy," he continued, "to speak of those happy days. Not that I regret the result I have at last attained. Ah, no! But the process was a hard one. I have suffered, sir, suffered greatly on my way to peace and contentment. I have attained."

"You have attained these?" I said. "Yes; thank God this latter-day revelation of his truth! I used to think rather carelessly of religion in those times. I suppose it is only the contact with sin and sorrow that teaches a man to look from the transitory to the eternal. Shall I not say, light precious, as an artist would say. I was brought up, you know, sir, in the Church of England; but when I began to think, its formalism worried me. I could not understand it. It seemed to me then the complex machinery of its theology. I thought, sir, as to doubt my people of the poetic temperament and little experience think that God deals with men without good-byes; that he acts directly on the character by the facts of nature and the thoughts in every soul. It was not until I grew old and said that I began to feel the need of something distinct and tangible to rest my faith upon, and even then, sir, I was sceptical of the need of revelations and Messiahs and miracles, until I learned through the testimony of living witnesses—that such things have come in the latter day. Yes, sir, the facts of what you call Mormonism, its miracles, its revelations, which do not cease, and its new Messiah, have given me faith."

"But I have not told you," the old gentleman went on, "about my disasters. Perhaps you are getting tired of my prattle, sir, my old man's talk. I am really not so very old, if my hair is thin, and my beard gray—barely fifty, and after this journey I expect to be quite a boy again. I suppose you were surprised this afternoon, when I spoke of having worked in a coal mine, were you not?"

The old man seemed to have some little pride in this singularity of fortune. I expressed the proper interest in such a change of destiny.

"You shall hear how it happened," he said. "You remember, no, you are too young to remember, but you have heard how we all went out about mills and mines in Lancashire some twenty years ago."

"Yes," said I, "it was then that steam and cotton began to understand each other, and coal and negroes became important."

"What a panic of speculation we all rushed into in Lancashire!" said the old gentleman. "We all felt, we gentlemen, that we were mere idlers, not doing our duty, as England expects every man to do, unless we were building chimneys or digging pits. We were all either grubbing down in the bowels of the earth for coal, or rearing great chimneys up in the air to burn it. I really think most of us began to like smoke better than blue sky; certainly it tasted sweeter to us than our good old English fog."

"Well, sir," continued he, "I was like my neighbors. I must dabble in nothing and mining. I was willing to be richer. Indeed, as soon as I began to speculate, I thought myself richer. I spent more money. I went deeper into my operations. One can throw a great treasure into a coal-mine without seeing any return, and can send a great volume of smoke up a chimney before the mill begins to pay. It is an old story. I will not tire you with it. I was all at once a ruined man."

He paused a moment, and looked about the dim, star-lit prairie, with the white wagons and the low fort in the distance.

(To be continued.)

The rivers of the Emerald Isle have generally a dark color, owing to the fact that most of them at some point in their course flow through peat marshes or bogs, which impart a dark hue to the water.

It is a popular belief that a holy bush planted near a dwelling protects the house from lightning.

A SILENT RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage Sets Forth Its Evils in His Sermon.

Duty of Christians to Speak Out Heartily on the Side of Righteousness—Casting Out the Dumb Spirit.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfel, N. Y.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for a more demonstrative religion and a hearty speaking out of the right side of everything; text, Mark 9:25: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit, which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient, he could not say a word. Articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ a spirit abroad today and as lively and potent as in the New Testament times. Yet in all the realms of serendom I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying: "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of a belief in witchcraft, this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit, which, then, able to destroy them. In the seventeenth century in Nova Scotia, persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1,000 persons were burned. In two centuries 20,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included intelligents of all time, such as St. Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Martin Luther, one of whose books, Herman Frankland said, shaped his life, and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther; and, among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. The while we reject witchcraft, any man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless there are also spirits to hinder, to poison and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when, standing before the afflicted one of the text, he said: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his light on those who, by omission of the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you of the charming stories of those who never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never in this world speak the name of God or Christ.

There has been a method of silence. Some one has said silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on, and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the cabroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started, and you joined in, and not a word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Inequality to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would rush up quick and either with an indignant word or decided up fist make response. And yet here our Christian religion which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it attacked you did not so much as say: "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man 90 years old was telling me how he put to flight a seceder. My aged friend said to the seceder: "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read."

"Well," said my old friend, "suppose that accursed Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogation points! You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a slur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions, so that next time you will be ready. Say to the seceder: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and in the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the scriptures? Are you in favor of the Ten Commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a livelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triphibious deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Lysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world? Go to him with a few such questions, and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rat compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments, but with interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you, surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pits—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?"

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when He said: "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough basses to make a small heaven between the four walls they let the opportunity go by unimproved. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied two thousandfold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn, the organ begins, the choir or precentor leads, the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb devil—springs his two wings, one over the lips of one half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed, and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says: "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I snote into silence or half silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities and then mount the wide open heavens." Give the long meter eclogue the full support of Christendom, and those four lines would take the whole earth for God.

That hymn, "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested by Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said: "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "if you had 10,000 tongues, you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis in the power of Jesus' name,
We live and have our being.

While much of the modern music is a religious dogrel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred ineptitude, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal "Father's Judgment Hymn," "Yarmouth," "Dundee," "Ariel," "Battle-Street," "Exbridge," "Phyels Hymn," "Harwell," "Antioch," "Mount Pisgah" and "Bromation," with a few regiments of mighty tunes made in our own time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the

inside gate of the month, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech and our lungs were filled with air which by the command of our will could have made the lungs and muscles move and the vocal chords vibrate, we were wickedly and fully silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance, or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remembrance, and there was a deal of everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed, it was a graveyard and midnight. An embalmment in the place took place that put a veil between on all the meeting. Men, half dead on business exchange or in some y clothes, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women, flushed with the awful pause and made their faces more rapidly flutter. Some brother, with no cold, coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it? The dumb devil. This is the way I account for the fact that the simplest places on earth are some prayer meetings. I do not see how a man can keep any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have lost our souls of usefulness? In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered: "The face of the statue is thus covered because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

But do not let the world deride the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The great political parties assemble at the proper time to build platforms for the candidates to stand on. A committee of each party is appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation, the committees come in with a ringing report: "Whereas" and "Whereas." Prominences all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expression in regard to the great social evils of the country ignored. No expression in behalf of temperate living, for that would lose the vote of the liquor traffic. No expression in regard to the universal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's day. No recognition of God in the history of nations, for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text puts one wing over one platform and the other wing over the other platform. Those great conventions are opened with prayer by their chaplains. If they avoid platitudes and told the honest truth in their prayers they would say: "O Lord, we want to be postmasters and consuls and foreign ministers and United States district attorneys. For that we are here, and for that we will strive till the cotton next November. Give us office, or we die. Forever and ever, amen." The world, to say the least, is no better than the church on this subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow Him." Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful word to speak? Speak it.

Be out and out, up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific ocean, a call's mercy, hang out your colors from the masthead. Show your passport, if you have one. Do not smuggle your sin into the harbor of Heaven. Speak out for God! Close up the chapter of lost opportunities and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out shake hands with some one and ask him to join you on the road to Heaven. Do not drive up to Heaven in a two-wheeled "skully" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagon you can find and pile it full of friends and neighbors and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies: "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord has promised good concerning Israel." The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendous for results, as when on the sea Capt. Haldane swore at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap and said: "Capt. Haldane, God hears prayer, and we would be happy off if your wish were answered." Capt. Haldane was converted by the sailor's remark and became the means of the salvation of his brother Robert, who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the Gospel, and under his ministry the roadhouse at Neff became the world-renowned sanctuary of the cross, and the worthy Meade of Indiana became the author of "The History of the Reformation" and will be the glory of the church for all ages. Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap and used one broken sentence by which the earth and the heavens are still resounding with potent influences. Do something for God, and do it right away or you will never do it at all.

Then, this away fast,
The how we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December!

TEMPERANCE.

Mrs. Nation, of Kansas.

Upholds the law, January 28, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., by the pastor, Chas. A. France.

When police, sheriff, mayor and governor combine to nullify a righteous law, we have a state of anarchy. It is a virtual dictatorship by executives. Benjamin Harrison justly says that it is a monstrous idea that an executive may select such laws as may please him to execute, and nullify the rest. This monstrosity has begotten the fury of a woman of Kansas who has assailed outlaws and criminals who are protected by the infidelity, the unfaithfulness of officers of the law. No one approves violence. But tell me, my friend, what would you do if the paid and sworn officers of the law stood motionless by while your children are assailed and your best right—protection by law—is being stolen by protected criminals? I think that you have none of that kind of goodness which will sit silent while such wrongs are committed. While I am trying to follow the Prince of peace, I still believe, with Wendell Phillips, that a true Christian will spring at the throat of a sin as soon as he sees it. Acid and alkali will fuses when they come together. My kind of religion refuses to mix with sin. There is a kind as calm as oil. You can get it. Now note this fact, that every excuse you make for the nullification of righteous law, is an argument for anarchy. Excuse faithless officials, and you justify Mrs. Nation. You will remember that she is assailing nothing but law-breakers and outlaws whose villainy is coddled and compounded by officials who nullify the law they swore they would enforce. Put any label on her you will, it is still a fact that since she has appeared upon the landscape, the criminals in Kansas have not had a good night's sleep. In a state where governor and mayor and sheriff have abdicated for the pleasure of the "poisoners of the public," she has become a terror to the evildoers. You say that is not her place. Possibly, but it is vacant. That is the reason a fanatic can take it. When the law is abandoned in favor of criminals, when public officials fortify crime and make it safe, when law is annulled by politics, when executives assume the role of legislature, judge and jury, and when criminals push their crimes upon a hopeless community which has been forsaken by its sworn protector, resistance is obedience to God. But you tell me that Mrs. Nation has violated the law. Has she? Are you familiar with the laws of Kansas. She has attacked the pirates of the seas of commerce, she has assailed the highwayman of trade and school and home, she has struck at the parasite of human industry; she has indeed violated the prudish laws of a dainty conservatism by screaming out against the debauching of the public conscience by pampered crime, and possibly it is unwomanly to assail criminals. But gentlemen, what will you have when men (so-called) desert their places, but not their salaries, and permit the law they swore they would enforce, to be regularly and safely broken by the worst element of the community? I confess that I am surprised that righteous women are as quiet as they are while being constantly sold out by politicians and politicians in office who combine with criminals to defeat the law. A slave I pity. A rebellious slave I respect.

The worst Mrs. Nation can do in her feeble way, is the sublimation of Puritanism compared with the safe nullification of law by its executors.

"Intemperance begets a hereditary disposition to vice. The lineage of the notorious Jukes family has been traced to a man who is described as a hunter, sometimes a vagrant and always a hard drinker, and seven eighths of whose descendants were either paupers or habitual criminals. In the thirtieth annual report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, we find the detailed premises of an estimate that the total loss to society by the crime and shiftlessness of that one family amounted in 75 years to nearly a million dollars. With rare exceptions the female descendants of that generation of drunk-drunkers were almshouse pensioners or harlots. The males with still rarer exceptions, were thieves, vagrants and paupers."

In view of the fact that so many of the organized industries of the world are demanding that employees abstain from the use of intoxicants, President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, is reported as saying that before long drinking will be allowed nowhere save among politicians.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jackson County.

Evergreen. Edward Lakes visited friends, Sunday.

Thaddeus Drew visited his mother, Sunday.

John Amex has found his lost sheep.

Your correspondent [C. J. Lakes] is clearing up ground and fencing it, preparing for crop-making.

Thomas Hilliard has rented and moved on the farm belonging to Isabel Drew.

John Mathis is suffering from a bullet wound received by accident from Ballard Howard's revolver.

Louis Lukes and brother are making cross ties, which they expect to float to Livingston, for sale.

Mason County.

Maysville. Mrs. Alice Darnell entertained the "None Such" Society, Friday evening, in grand style. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, most all the members were present and highly enjoyed themselves.

The Mason County Teachers Association held an interesting meeting at the residence of Mrs. S. W. Stevens, Saturday morning. They will hold their next meeting at Prof. Reid's home on E. 5th St.

Miss Lela Tubor is quite ill at her home on Willet St.

George Hinton is suffering with la grippe.

The many friends of Mrs. B. H. Garrett, regret very much that on account of the death of her husband, she will make her home Paris.

The High School Alumni was delightfully entertained Saturday evening by Miss Frances Strawder. Prof. Reid and Miss Gordon, of Newport, were present and made some very interesting remarks. Their next place of meeting will be at Miss Miss Lucille Dinwiddie's on Lexington St.

Mrs. Laura Strawder is sick with la grippe on 6th St.

Mrs. Fannie Lewis is quite ill at home on Grave St.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Rev. I. Miller, who has been to Lexington on business, has returned.

The family of Wm. Phelps are down with the measles.

Wilmore Gentry, grandson of John Gentry, died Feb. 8, of pneumonia. The funeral was at the Campbell grave yard and was conducted by Rev. I. Miller.

Through sickness Rev. R. Munday was unable to fill his appointment last Sunday at Peytontown.

Wallacetown. Miss Carrie Wallace has measles.

James Gaffney's family is better of the measles.

Green Gabbard has had something like la grippe.

Little Maggie and Sheltie Anderson have measles.

W. O. Anderson who has had the measles is much improved.

S. P. Taylor who has been visiting here will return to his home in Illinois in a short time.

Mrs. Dorie Watson of Berea who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, returned home Sunday.

John Wylie has rented the Ed Smith farm of about 30 acres, on White Lick, where he intends to move in a short time.

Mrs. Sam Eden was the guest of Mrs. Gibb Gaffney Saturday and Sunday.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. The la grippe patients are recovering. Mrs. Nellie Henderson is able to be out again.

Mr. James Graham entertained the Hon. H. A. Tandy of Lexington, Grand Master of U. B. F. Lodge, Thursday.

Ladies of C. M. E. Church will give a valentine entertainment Thursday evening.

Commencement exercises will be at Christ Church, Tuesday. Diplomas of graduation will be awarded to Hattie Mayberry, Frank P. Lewis, and Loucile Jefferson. Prof. Hathaway of State Normal will present the diplomas.

Miss Lottie Ming and Mr. James Myers of Paris were quietly married last week.

Mrs. Thomas Clay improves slowly; her brother of Cincinnati, is at her bedside.

Miss Libba Hansford has opened a select school at her home. See her for terms and send your children.

Clay County.

Ogle. A mud dog passed through here Wednesday doing much damage among stock also hitting several dogs.

Noah Hubard of Goose Creek has moved to the head of Otter Creek.

Jason Jones who went to Oklahoma about five years ago has returned.

Mrs. Tom Smallwood who has been ill has recovered.

Leander Smallwood of Goose Rock has moved to this place.

T. F. Clark and wife are visiting relatives at Goose Rock.

Moses Jackson of this place has sold out to Henry Mize.

Bright Shade Mrs. Mary Mills visited friends in Manchester recently.

Houston Smith has returned to Bright Shade from Knox county, where he has been working.

There has been good progress made in the singing school at Mud Lick under the tuition of James Pennington. Mr. Pennington commenced another school at Mill Creek last week.

Alex Means of Ogle paid us a short visit recently.

Mrs. Lucy Smith is recovering health slowly.

Add Smith has returned from Pineville where he has been working.

Jasper Smallwood has been a guest at the home of Miss Nancy Smith.

Owsley County.

Eversole. Mrs. Phoebe Moore is very ill at this writing.

Sheriff Neely and brother W. F. Neely, started Wednesday for Frankfort with the murderers of Stephen Riley, who were sentenced to the State prison for four years.

W. B. Combs, of Little Buffalo was in our midst, Sunday.

The little daughter of Billie Jennings, who has been very ill with croup, is better.

Mary Combs visited friends on Buck Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Jerry Reynolds and son, from Perry Co., visited relatives in Owsley Co., Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lucy Reynolds and Jennie Gabbard visited relatives on Indian Creek, Sunday.

Success to the Citizen.

Gabbard Mrs. Rachel Duff is on the sick list.

James Marcum, of Booneville, was here last Saturday on business.

Mr. Mayes, a very old man of Cow Creek, died last Tuesday.

C. B. Gabbard, went to Booneville Tuesday.

Henry Evans, of Moores Creek, Jackson county, was here last Tuesday and Wednesday. He had been on a visit to Breathitt county.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Candell have a fine new boy at their home.

L. C. Roberts, has moved to Wolf Creek.

Cordell Roberts, of Wolf Creek was at Tallaga one day last week.

James Eversole, of Manchester, was here last week.

The Citizen always has something interesting for everyone.

We advise our friends not to drink whiskey or play cards. It is always the foundation of trouble.

Bony Callahan went to Cincinnati Saturday to have his affected eye taken out. He was accompanied by L. F. Cole.

Circuit Court adjourned Saturday last after a two weeks session. The greater portion of the time was taken up on trials for murder. Six prisoners were sentenced to the pen; viz., Elisha and Elijah Bowlin, and two brothers named McIntosh, each for four years for complicity in murder. App. Murrell, for seven years and Ab. Wilson, fifteen years for killing Lewis Moore. Wilson and Murrell are also indicted for the killing of James Moore.

PATENTS

promptly procured, OR NOYEE. Read model, sketch, or photo for free report on patentability. Book "How to Obtain U. S. and Foreign Patents and Trade-Marks," FREE. Patent forms sent free to applicants. **PATENT LAWYERS OF 16 YEARS' PRACTICE. 20,000 PATENTS PROCURED THROUGH THEM.** All business confidential. Send advice. Faithful service. Moderate charges. Write to **C. A. SNOW & CO.** Opp. U. S. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

THE HOME.

Edited by Miss Grace J. Stokes, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

THE FARMER'S HOPE.

BY RUTH STOKES SEARS.

The home maker must have wider knowledge than one in any other profession. She will be called upon to make use of knowledge in all lines. She must be a mathematician; by expansion she is often required to make a garment out of four yards of goods when five is the required amount; by contraction and transposition she must often make two old dresses into one new one; the addition of fractions comes in by being able to take the fractional parts of several articles of food to day's dinner and prepare from them a savory and appetizing dish for tomorrow's luncheon. She must be a physician, surgeon, and trained nurse, as she must know how to administer simple remedies; she must know what is the best thing to do for a cut finger, a burnt hand, a poor little, aching head or a stabbed toe. She must be a chemist, as she must know about the composition and nutritive value of foods, and the right way to combine the different foods to produce strong healthy bodies and minds. She must be an artist; her table must be a picture in itself because of the carefully prepared food and artistic arrangement. She must be a politician; not that she desires or expects to vote, as most housekeepers find that they have enough rights already, but she wants to understand politics so that she may persuade her husband and train her sons to vote intelligently. She must be a musician, as by systematic planning and arrangement of work there will be no rush and hurry, but all will work together so smoothly that to the household the result will be sweet and harmonious. Her sphere has no limit. She must be everything for the sake of everybody; she must know everything, as she must do or direct the doing of everything.

Until within the last few years it was thought that every woman was born with the knowledge of how to keep house, and when the time came for her to go into a home of her own she would take to housekeeping as naturally as a "duck takes to water." People are now beginning to realize that some thought must be given to this all important subject. Domestic science has steadily been gaining ground for the last 30 years; up to that time it had received little attention; now there is an opportunity for a favored few to receive instruction in the household arts. There are schools of cookery and sewing in most of the large towns, and these studies have been added as industrials to the course in many of the agricultural colleges. As yet many people have not been made to realize how important it is that they should give as much attention to the education of their daughters in this line as they do to the education of their sons in any profession which they may choose.

(To be continued.)

Photographs

12 on fancy mounts, copied from your photo, 30c. On buttons, 10c. each, 3 for 25c. Send 2 stamps for sample, Wm. Lorimer, Photographer, Danville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED.

Orders for pies, doughnuts, and other products of the Cooking School may be made to Miss Stokes at the Model House.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for established manufacturing wholesale house. \$500 a year, sure pay. Honestly more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BEREA COLLEGE Founded 1855

...Places the Best Education in Reach of All...

Over 25 Teachers, 700 Students (from 20 States). Best College Library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

Trade Schools—Carpentry, Printing, Housework, Nursing, two years. Model Schools—General Education, and fitting for advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

Applied Science—Two years course, with Agriculture for young men, and Domestic Science for young ladies.

Normal Course—Two years, with practice teaching.

Academy Course—Four years, fitting for College, for business, and College Course—Literary, Philosophical, Classical. [for life.] Music—Read Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$14 to be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President, GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dismore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Kind and Amount of Reading for First School Year.

Our first duty is to become acquainted with the child and his environments. If we are thoughtful teachers, we will not rush homing into the "technique" of reading but will devote the first week, at least, to lessons which will reveal the home life and experience of our children. This is the time to let the child know in some way, that you are his friend. Above all help him to become free and confident in your presence. This may appear to be a waste of time but I know that the value of every future lesson is heightened by this mutual good understanding.

The next step must be to awaken within the child a conscious desire to read and to explain the purpose of the lessons which are going to demand so much of his time. There are several ways to do this. I have tried the following plan: Read to your school a story which they have never heard. When you reach the interesting climax, stop and tell the children that you haven't time to read the rest of the story now. Ask them some question similar to this: "Would you not like to learn to read so you could finish this story for yourself?"

For the child to desire to read is a very important step in the training of our children but a desire for the right kind of reading is of more importance. For if after the child is able to read, this newly gotten power does not open to him the desire to read that which is noble and inspiring, we as teachers have failed. Our work is to give the child right ideals, quicken right desires and strengthen right tendencies. This can be done partly by leading to right choices in their reading. This must be begun during the very first year of the child's school days. Telling stories, reading and reciting poems to the children, using memory exercises, such as appropriate poems and songs, should be a frequent exercise and constitute a very important part of the child's training in reading for the first school year. Sarah Louise Arnold says: "The choice will never be between the good and nothing, fullness and emptiness; it will always be a choice between the good and the bad." Then how important that the child from the first be helped to desire the right kind of reading. Much is already said to children's understanding but I also believe that it is advisable to sometimes give them that which they do not fully understand knowing that the future will help them to a fuller understanding. Don't cut literature to the children's comprehension. Let them feel the beauty of it and I know from experience that they sometimes like that which seems beyond them. They like the sound of it. For instance Helen Hunt Jackson's poems on October and on November are beyond them but I know they enjoy them. But a poem, like a picture, should be presented as a whole and never analyzed in the first lesson.

During the first few weeks of school and all through the year, read to the children from the world's best writers. Hans Christian Andersen, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mary Howett, Longfellow, Whittier, Eugene Field, Robert Louis Stevenson, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and many others have written their best thoughts for children as well as for men and women. Of course the teacher who would guide her pupils in this field must herself appreciate that which is beautiful in literature.

When the child has become somewhat acquainted with the interesting and beautiful thoughts to be found in books, and has a little desire to be able to read them for himself, he is then ready for his first reading lesson. As the teacher gathers her children around her for this lesson, the sentences should be about things in which the children are interested and should express thoughts. They should be worth reading and should be grouped together in coherent paragraphs. Elizabeth Thompson, in The Nebraska Teacher.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MARION, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

OPEN DITCHES.

Some people, without giving any thought to the matter, seem to think that an open ditch will serve about the same purpose that an underdrain will in draining the land. But those who have tried both know that an open drain in a field that is cultivated from year to year is a nuisance in plowing and in the use of the harvesting machinery. Besides it is a waste of so much land, and weeds and brush are likely to grow along the sides; stock will tramp in them and the sides cave in, and withal an eyesore to every farmer of any business tact. Further, they serve to carry away the fertility of the farm. If the land is liable to a flow of water, more than a large tile drain will readily take up, it is better to lay the tile drain deep enough so as to carry the water of all of ordinary rains, and then leave the surface depressed above the tile drain wide enough to carry the overflow water, but sloped so that the surface may be cultivated or passed over without any trouble in the use of farm machinery. In most instances it will be found that open ditches may be replaced with tile drains of sufficient capacity to carry the water likely to come to come to them, which once done and well done, is a permanent improvement to the land, which will prove highly satisfactory in all the years to come.—Drainage Journal.

TILE DRAINING, THE FOUNDATION.

If I were intending to buy a farm that had a heavy soil, a clay or clay loam, such as are most benefited by tile draining, and if two farms were offered exactly alike in other respects, but one thoroughly tile drained and the other not, with a price of \$50 an acre on the one not drained and \$80 on the other, I would unhesitatingly take the other. I would do it if I had but one or two thousand to pay down and must go in debt for the rest, because I should expect to pay out quicker on the more costly farm and then have something better when I got through.

But this statement needs some qualifying. It goes without saying that if I bought such a farm, even to keep stock on, to make that a leading feature, and if the land was reasonably adapted for tillage, that is, was not hilly, that I should want in Ohio, say, to grow clover, wheat and corn. And if intending to put in such crops I should want conditions right for raising a large paying crop. This is the way I feel after many years' experience in draining and with drained lands, and after hearing much from others who have drained. Again, if I bought a clay farm I would run in debt for money to drain it all thoroughly as far as it was to be plowed, and as fast as it was plowed. I would not break up a field without first draining it. As my friend William Strong says, "I would plant tiles before planting a crop every time." I am not sort of on the fence in this matter, or half hearted, but I would do it or let the farm alone. I would do it with a feeling of more certainty that I would get my pay than I had when I gave the money for the land itself. As one good friend expressed it at an institute last winter: "Good farming is throw away on wet land." It is too much a matter of luck. And still when I am asked, as I often am, whether I would advise any one to go in debt for tiles, I dare not say yes, because so much depends upon the man, whether he will follow up his draining with good farming that will bring the money out of his venture; and, again whether the draining will be thoroughly well done, or whether it will soon be practically of little value. Tile draining is simply the foundation, next to the farm itself, of all good profitable farming on land that needs it. I wish I could grind this into every reader who has such land. There is no more question to-day as to its truth than that two and two make four.—T. B. Terry, in Our Farming.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Pettis & Co., Buyers of Country Produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, as a sound financial house to sell to.

Yours truly,

DANIELS & COMPANY, Bankers, 6 Wall St. & 96 Broadway, Sept. 28, 1900. New York, N. Y.